

Pro Wrestling Sushi

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"Order in the court!

"The judge is eating beans!

"His wife is in the bathtub shooting submarines!"

-- Excerpt from a Harvard Law School/student beer hall drinking ditty (circa WWII)

(SNS -- Sushi News Service Story)

'McMahon vs. America' steroids trial coverage (Sushi-style!)

"No, Mr. Keller! This court does not allow members of the pro wrestling media to raise their hands during the trial so that they may cross-examine witnesses with vital questions the prosecuting attorney may have failed to bring up!"

"Mr. Mitchell, I don't care what newsletter you write for, nor do I give a damn that you think the defendant is lying through teeth sharpened by expensive T-bone steaks purchased with ill-begotten gains from the work of hundreds of wrestlers stoked to the gills on anabolic steroids! The next time you snicker out-loud or chortle in disbelief under your breath, I'm going to rip off my robe, do a tope over this bench, and--Watcha gonna do, dude?!--when I slap one of *these* pythons on youuuuuu!"

"Whoever the woman is wearing the black high-heels and the red thong-bikini and who's parading around these chambers displaying the hand-painted sign that says, 'We've HERD enough!' will you please cease and desist! This is not a MONDAY NIGHT RAW taping, and besides, the joke is getting old!"

"Yes, Mr. McDevitt, you may disagree with the prosecution's line of questioning. But (sigh) might you p-l-e-a-s-e refrain from calling the government's counsels a bunch of PENCIL NECKED GEEKS and, for heaven's sake, will you ask your legal assistant, uh, Ms. Vachon there, to get up off the floor and stop hissing and spitting at them from across the room!"

"No, Mr. Meltzer! If the Shoemaker-Levy Comet careens off Jupiter, sails toward Earth, and potatoes the government's attorneys, rendering all of them unconscious, I will not COUNT THEM OUT nor will I allow Mr. McMahon's team to win an acquittal via DQ due to OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE or use of a FOREIGN OBJECT!"

"McDivitt! This is your final warning! The next time you attempt to extract truth from witnesses by opening them up with that kind of interrogation, I am going to lock you into a small cage and hang you from the rafters for the duration of this trial! Now, get off that witness's chest, and drop that metal folding chair, IMMEDIATELY!"

"Bailiff, will you kindly ask our Wild Samoan brothers, the one's in the back eating those chickens, to stop lobbing bones and heads at the jurors!"

--Comments reportedly heard in and around the federal courtroom in Union Dale, NY during the dramatic July 1994 "Vince McMahon v. America" pro wrestling-steroids trial.

Flair-Hogan score big 'GOOOOAL!' during WCW-World Cup Soccer Wknd!

Regardless of whatever numbers come in with respect to the PPV buy rate...

Despite the "planted" section of ringsiders, who, indeed, looked middle class to "glitzy" on television, but who acted as if they were socializing at a post-wake bar-b-que and who by their presence on TV did little to justify their existence or reflect that they were part of a much larger, eventually wild and enthusiastic (mostly off camera) crowd that was witnessing a great, if not arguably one of the greatest, wrestling celebrations of all time...

Overlooking the fact that camera work, at times, was shoddy (at one point the control room completely missed a dramatic event that was part of a key angle when Arn Anderson viciously turned on Dustin Rhodes), that the audio and visual transmissions were seriously out of sync for almost the entire two hours and forty-five minutes, and that Johnny B. Badd's "glitter gun" should be banned for life for crapping up the mat the way it did...

Nevertheless (on a day when the USA-hosted World Cup Soccerdom's final game fizzled to an inglorious tie-breaking kick-off-ending at the Rose Bowl), in what certainly has got to be considered:

1. Thus far the crowning achievement for an often maligned Eric Bischoff and World Championship Wrestling company...

2. The ultimate sacrifice by a booker-wrestler, a true team player, a legendary ring warrior in his own right, one who has risked his image and career by unselfishly doing "the job" as needed, by allowing himself to be pinned cleanly in the middle to put his opponent completely over as the promotion's new champion...

3. Without doubt, a gratifying personal comeback and slice of redemption for the big (though not as physically big as he was in the past), mustachio'd, and still charismatic and unquestionably popular blond guy who many felt had lost much of his appeal (unless someone was playing tricks with canned audience response in the control room), and...

4. Having provided more than a few main event moments filled with sweet to heavy nostalgia and gut-wrenching emotionalism that had to have been felt deep within the hardcore bones of so many of us, who, once, a decade ago, tuned to MTV to watch something called "Rock and Wrestling" when "Hulkamania" was born, and who, for 45-minutes, set aside the fact that we are a "smartened" bunch of fans who probably aren't "officially" supposed to experience such feelings or enjoy such a manipulated outing...

Eleven-time World Champion Ric Flair dropped the heavyweight strap to now seven-time Champ Hulk Hogan at WCW's 7/17 BASH AT THE BEACH in Orlando, Florida, to officially baptize (and, probably for the first time in ten years, truly "legitimize") the battle between Ted Turner's WCW and Vince McMahon's WWF to find out (Possibly? Maybe? Eventually?), in terms of the bottom line, which promotion really is the best there is, the best there was, and the best there will ever be!

Yes, notwithstanding steroid trial verdicts, inroads by foreign-styled wrestling outfits, and a general and real decline in U.S. wrestling's popularity (even though wrestling is "cool" again?), in some respects, the next few weeks, months, and even years for U.S. wrestling fans could be as interesting and, dare we dream, as exciting as much of the previous ten.

Supplemental to reports and metanalysis of the BASH, which most of you will be reading in the Observer or Torch, here are a few of my own observations about the BASH AT THE BEACH:

Large chunks of confetti-glitter from Johnny B. Badd's gun look nice when they float through the air, but they really distract from a wrestling match when they start sticking like shiny giant sores to wrestlers' bodies, at least the wrestlers who work up a sweat. The slightly mentally impaired d-u-d-e who was dressed up, looked just like, and was constantly mugging on camera like Hulk Hogan, was a gas, and contributed more to the show than Jesse "The Body" Ventura. Biggest moves of the opening match were the variety of amused smiles on the face of THUNDER IN PARADISE co-star Chris Lemmon, as Lord Steven Regal reversed a pin and Johnny B. Loser stomped on Sir William Dundee's bowler. *1/2

Third largest crowd pop of the night was when "Triangle Face with World's Scariest Ears" took off his jacket and threatened to thrust his amazingly large shovel-shaped jaw into Regal, who interrupted an award ceremony for legendary Japanese star Antonio Inoke to set up their TV title match. . . Regarding the 450-pound Vader, I wonder, when he's home making whoopie with the little woman, does he ever climb to the top of the bed post and tell her to "spread 'em wide!" as he does the Vader Bomb or a moonsault into the saddle? (Man, talk about the impact of a large comet slamming into the planet Jupiter!) Bubba Guardian "Wet Nurse" Angel Bossman lost when he did not know where to stick retractable thermometer-looking baton that Harley Race tossed to Vader.*

Someone forgot to tell Dustin Rhodes that his arm wind-up and pre-windmill punch, where he grabs his family jewels-you-see and bumps his hips-baby, is on the list of naughty and violent things WCW wrestlers are not allowed to do any more! Terry Funk in zebra-striped tights(?) and Bunkhouse Buck may have been in the ring beating Dustin for 15-minutes, and pissing off Arn Anderson to the point where who can blame him for turning on Dustin for never tagging out, but the real show (before Arn slapped the unseen DDT on son-of-loins, whose pappy, by the way, never did show up) was during Dustin's final comeback when--down on the floor--Col. Rob Parker was cringing and selling like crazy Dustin's punches. For everyone in the Stud Stable who pulled-off this one-sided match, and for Dustin screaming like a stuck pig during the five-on-one post match beating it was ***.

Something was really wrong with Bobby Heenan. All night his face was drawn and he seemed to be in much greater pain than required for his worked "disdain" for Hogan, like he was seriously ill or had just received bad news or something. . . Can a wrestler add too many

moves to his repertoire? According to Tony Schiavone, Stunning Steve Austin has a vast array of pinning moves (more than a bottle of X-Lax and none of them very impressive. Best "wrestling" match of the night, though, with Austin and Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat doing their impersonation of Jeff Bridges and Tommy Lee Jones in that terrific fight scene in the old ship in the movie BLOWN AWAY! A series of great pile-driver reversals that I've never seen before! No reaction from "TV-celebrity crowd." For the match (not the movie) ***1/2.

When Gene Okerlund went into the heel dressing room to interview Funk, Bunk, Anderson, and Parker (Meng hardly counts) after the heel turn, and Funk and everyone were squirting champagne all over themselves, and Funk was down on his knees spewing forth, does it seem that Funk really gets off on this stuff more than humanly possible and necessary? I like Funk's menacing to maniacal persona, but there are times he overdoes it and his image as one mean and seriously demented and dangerous S.O.B. is cheapened. . . During the Cactus Jack & Kevin Sullivan vs. Pretty Paul Roma & Mr. Wonderful Paul Orndorff match, during which "Pretty Wonderful" won the tag-belts, Schiavone said that this was a match during which no one was going to be able to go to the kitchen for a sandwich (or a beer.) Actually, I made a quick run to the local SEVEN-ELEVEN and got back just in time for the end of their bout. Did I miss anything, like a garbage can fight? Or Jack donating his kidneys to medical science following a bump off the apron unto a pile of cement chunks? . . . What was "cool" was being able to see Chris Cruise and Mike Tenay of the 900-line, with both of them looking like normal dudes vs. Joe Pedicino or Percy Pringle-likes dudes. Would like to have seen them fight a little over who got to hold the mic, though, when wrestlers were walking through the tunnels beneath the arena, seeing as how the Cruiser was pretty much going ballistic with it.

Fourth largest pop of the night seemed to come when Shaquille O'Neal was intro'd and he did the Ernie Ladd ring entrance by "stepping" over the top rope. Shaq has definitely got wrestler's "eyes" and could have a new career, ala Michael Jordan, when he hangs up his basketball shoes at the end of a season or career. Flair seemed to earn the second largest crowd response, with HH getting what came across on TV as being a monstrous ovation resembling the kind he got in his heyday with WWF. Hulk looked lean, but not in any baggy-lack-of-juice sort of way. He also seemed a bit unsure and uncoordinated when he and Flair were into the first few minutes of running around and jumping over or bumping into one another. Except for the dead section of celebrities and Hank Aaron's guests who sat on their hands all night, the rest of the floor seemed to be on it's feet with the remainder of the house going nuts during the entire match with tons of heat whenever Flair or Hogan did anything, most of which had little to do with wrestling, and more with Flair doing his usual high spots and turn-buckle flips and bumps, and Hogan doing his usual elbows, boot-to-the-chops, sweaty comeback from a head lock on the floor, leg drop and winning pin after Sensuous Sherry and Flair used every little female shoe, female panty-hose (choker), female splash off the top, and hidden roll of tape trick-in-the-book to try to beat Hogan. Match was definitely the best these two ever had, if only because the crowd really bought into it big time.***3/4

Locker room interview and victory celebration with Hogan surrounded by faces, particularly Hacksaw Jim Duggan and Brutus Beefcake, was well done, with Hogan seeming to miss no one with his post-victory rap. I enjoyed this card. Am curious where WCW goes from here. Can't wait to hear Dusty crying over what Funk and the Stable did to Jr. How Pillman is going to be used. What's in store for Stinger (a turn in the wind?) And what they'll do with Flair to hype the rematch. Too bad if the buy rate turns out lower than expected. A lot of people will have missed a great night of rasslin' fun. Thumbs up from Sushiland!

(SNS - Sushi News Service)

Govt. witness forced by WWF to do 'everything'...except wear a hair-piece!

Union Dale, NY -- "I wasn't even told I was going to be in the ring!" said the latest plaintiff who is suing Vince McMahon and Titansports for \$100 million and whose trial of sex harassment, molestation, unpaid services rendered, forced steroids abuse, and being made to take career-ending bumps is being held concurrently with the 'McMahon vs. America' steroids trial.

"Suddenly one of the Hebner twins grabbed me and the next thing I knew, there I was, out in the middle of the ring during WrestleMania X, getting the crap whacked, kicked, and slammed outta me! And I've never even worn a pair of working shoes in my life, let alone was I shown how to take a bump at Killer What's-his-name's rassling school! At least Marty Jannetty told Chuck Austin the bump he was going to take was 'a piece of cake!' At least Austin got lied too! Nobody told me nothing!"

(As sure as Brian Lee is the "fake" Undertaker and as sure as Paul Bearer will goose

the "real" Undy back from the "dead"---faster than Domino's delivers pizza in time for SUMMERSLAM!---you can bet SNS will reveal more about this unique part of the trial...as soon as Wade gives us a call!)

Hello, everyone! Especially those of you Sushigansters who are recovering from recent firestorms in the West and unbelievable floods in the South-East, hope this issue finds all of you alive and well and provides you with a few laughs when, I suspect, humor has been hard to come by lately and pro wrestling trials and the Hogan-Flair match have been among the furthest things from your minds.

Before going any further, my apologies to readers who may have tried to call me between 7/12 thru 7/18, when my phone seemed to be ringing without the answering machine or me picking up. Something apparently was wrong with outside wiring which Pacific Bell has now (hopefully) fixed. Klon Herron, who attended the BASH "live" with Ron Lemieux and the rest of the rat pack from Florida, was going to call me with an eye-witness evaluation of the event, but, unfortunately, he could not reach me nor was I was able to alert him of the problem before he went to Orlando since I wasn't even aware of the problem until 7/16 due to my being out of town.

Join the club if you are one of thousands of hardcores who, so far, have been disappointed with the lack of immediacy and amount of mainstream and other news coverage concerning the early moments and first week or so of Vince McMahon's steroids trial in New York.

Knowing there was a trial going on, one that's been hyped almost weekly in our own wrestling media for more than a year now, and unable to learn practically anything about it day to day, or even on an every other day or so basis, was maddening for many of you, to say the least, and would have driven me nuts, too, had it not been for a few phone calls (before the phone line went on the blink) from some readers and a relative in New York who either attended parts of the trial in Union Dale or garnered info from people who knew what was going on.

I'm not too sure O.J. Simpson can entirely or even primarily be blamed for lack of early mainstream media coverage of the steroid trial as some have suspected. My own inquiries of city editors at San Francisco Bay Area's two largest daily newspapers and a couple of major TV stations revealed an absolute lack of knowledge or interest in a story that, conceivably, would have been interesting to many readers and viewers who either watch WWF television programs here or have young to teenage children who watch the shows or attend the cards when the WWF comes to S.F., Oakland, or S.J. arenas. Editors at both the S.F. CHRONICLE and S.J. MERCURY NEWS didn't even know which section of their papers would even cover the trial, with entertainment editors telling me to check with sports editors and vice versa.

Even on Wednesday morning, 7/6, the day after the trial began, no one at the national headquarters of the ASSOCIATED PRESS (AP) in New York knew anything about the trial, except for one editor who thought there was "something" going on in Brooklyn, which (if you know anything about the New York City metropolitan area) is a world apart from Union Dale. At least AP said they'd probably get info from the NEW YORK POST or DAILY NEWS who they felt would cover the story. Funniest comment was from a CHRONICLE editor who said she didn't think any readers would be interested in the trial of a wrestling promoter in New York. When I told her that Hulk Hogan might be a witness at the trial due to his own use of the illegal drug and wondered (nicely) if either she or her readers had ever heard of Hulk Hogan, she got testy and told me that the CHRONICLE was not "going to be browbeaten into covering the story!"

The truth is, though, like everything else going on in the world during the Simpson pre-trial hearing, even if everyone in the media knew exactly what was going on in Union Dale, most or all of the information would have wound up on the cutting room floor, aced-out by a former pro football legend accused of killing his ex-wife and her friend. But the truth also is, something we all know without me reminding everyone about it, 98% of the people in this country could care less about something that most of us probably will die knowing and caring too much about, and unless Hogan's testimony causes an eruption of mainstream interest, lack of it in the sport we all hold dear is the main reason most of us shall remain almost clueless, except for the weekly (they might skip an issue?!) reports from Dave Meltzer and Wade Keller, who's coverage (albeit delayed) has been fascinating.

Next "regular" issue of this little fishstick is scheduled to come out right after the WWF's 8/29 SUMMERSLAM. Red squiggles & digits on your envelope represent your prior and current sub balance in *dollars and cents*. Price per ish is \$1.50 (\$2.50 for overseas in international postal money orders). Checks must be made out to "Jeff Mullins" only.

(SNS)

Secret government 'witness' & latest Titan 'litigant' revealed!

Union Dale, NY -- Yes, by now, many of you have probably guessed the identity of the U.S. government's secret witness and latest in a long line of angry, embittered, and set-upon Titan employees suing Vince McMahon and the WWF for \$100 million (for crimes worse than anything coming from the mind and pencil of a deranged booker.)

No! The secret witness and plaintiff for this part of the trial is not NEW YORK POST's wrestling columnist Phil Munchnick!

Yes! It is the star of Razor Ramon's & Shawn Michaels' ***** WMX match, none other than that root'n toot'n, ten-foot-tall, bent-outta-shape, 35-pound, son-of-a-gun (ta-

taa!)...the aluminum ladder!!! (Which, along with it's attorneys, Hallumin & Sukkumdry, is looking for Xmas to come early to Ladder Land!)

"Your honor, I object!!!"

"...Yes, Mr. McDevitt, (Sigh) what now?!"

"This ladder, it's outrageous testimony, and all of it's scurrilous claims against my client should be tossed out of court!"

"On what grounds, Mr. McDevitt?"

"How does one molest or sexually harass an aluminum ladder? And for God's sakes, if my client wanted to do it, where would he stick a needle full of steroids?! Further more..."

"Mr. McDevitt?"

"...Yes?"

"Does it not bother you that this latter was not trained to take bumps?"

"Well..."

"Or that this ladder can actually talk like a human being?"

"...Uhhhh?"

"Or that this latter has feelings?"

"Ahhhh, I suppose it might take a certain amount of suspension of disbelief on my part to buy into it, your honor. But what's your point?"

"Disbelief, Mr. McDevitt, is exactly what this jury is going to have to *suspend* in order to *believe* your client is NOT GUILTY of possession with intent and conspiracy to distribute anabolic steroids!"

"Gulp, you've (sputter-choke-snik) got a point there (caugh-wheeze-ulp), your honor."

"Objection over-ruled! Sit down, McDevitt! Counsel for the plaintiff may continue questioning this poor, poor ladder."

(While this particular phase of the 'McMahon vs. America' steroids trial is proving interesting--not as interesting as the main part of the trial, of course--at any moment, though, a settlement between the ladder and Vince McMahon is not entirely out of the question, and, as sure as Brian Lee and the "real" Undertaker will one day sprout black wings and turn against Paul Bearer, who naturally will dig up a pair of winged White Angels--like the ones from "The Outfield" movie--to battle the Evil Undertakers, you can rest assured that SNS will continue to keep an eye on this developing story!)

A hundred years from now, in the year 2094, when the steroids trial and it's outcome is but a major footnote in wrestling's history, something that is now taking place in the little Smoky Mountain Wrestling territory, something that is the desperate act of a desperate man, not a madman, mind you, but a mad genius of sorts, will, I think also evoke tons of reader interest.

What we are talking about here, of course, with key personnel suddenly leaving SMW for greener pastures, screwing up programs, making longterm planning a bigger headache than a boot in the eyeball, leaving the "boss" with more problems than a porch hound has fleas, is Jimmy Cornette's not so secret, not so mysterious, and not so complicated big "racist" angle (or reversed racist angle) that, as far as Jimmy is concerned, will not only save the franchise from bankruptcy but will, more than any other time in the territory's brief history, put it solidly on the map and thickly in the, uh, financial...black.

According to the 7/18 Observer, Cornette has found himself a tag team whose black members, apparently, are willing to risk life and limb by working as white-hating, KKK-baitin' racists, stirring-up potentially one of nastiest socio-political hornets nests in that area in the past 100+ years, but also stirring-up, as Cornette envisions it, potentially the best chance SMW has to survive economically and start turning a major profit. (Will two black guys in a ring, holding up the house mic, and telling a houseful of red necks that O.J. Simpson did good for lowering the number of whites in the world by two, according to Cornette, put butts in seats?! Frighteningly, he could be right.)

(SNS)

Sushi 'noses' around WWF chief's 'back surgery' claims

Stamford, CT -- Whereas it was widely reported that Vince McMahon Jr. underwent spinal surgery to repair a herniated disk in his lower back only a few days prior to his federal steroids trial, *Pro Wrestling Sushi* has learned that McMahon's back problem was caused, not only by lifting very heavy weights, but also by "foreign objects" which had become lodged inside McMahon's lower spinal column.

"No, the foreign objects surgeons removed from Vince McMahon's tail-bone region were not rolls of quarters, brass knuckles, or ball point pens," said WWF spokesperson Gorilla Monsoon, who told a gathering of shocked well-wishers that the objects removed from McMahon's lower spine were, indeed, several dozen human noses and tips of human noses which, over the years, had become deeply imbedded near McMahon's coccyx!

According to Monsoon, most of the noses and parts of noses were easily removed during surgery, except for a few "difficult" nostrals which are still attached to their owners (WWF employees identified by Monsoon as being a few wrestlers whose pushes exceed their ring capabilities and certain front office personnel who've worked extremely "close" to the WWF boss over the years.)

Not only will it be interesting (in a morbid, sickening, itchy sort of way for anyone who believes how damaging racism is to the heart and the soul of man) to see how far Cornette can get, or will be allowed by the community to "get away" with this angle, and seeing as how it will test the questions as to whether one key part of the Civil War is really over, whether Martin Luther King had the right idea, and whether Lloyds of London will insure two black wrestlers whose life expectancies could be seen as being "potentially abbreviatable," it will also be interesting to see, in the privacy of our own homes, dens, and/or closets (where we will voyeuristically read about the SMW angles and possibly buy and watch SMW tapes more than usual) how much racism really lurks within the depths of our own hearts and souls, and if there is indeed an interested part of us, where, behind the make-believe fantasy world of pro graps and lip-service dedicated to equal rights and pluralism, we will, at some point, want or need to "enjoy" some of the truly vicious and degenerate angles that the Louisville Lip is capable of cooking up. An amount of interest that James E. Cornette, apparently, believes runs as deep and as wide (and for SMW's tiny bank account) as rich as a vein of gold in the Motherlode.

(SNS)

Black hoopsters to produce WCW-type promo for the 'violent' NBA

By aceSushi News Service correspondent Harry White, St. Louis, MO

To kick off the 1994-95 season with a TV spot that will capture today's rowdy rasslin-like essence of professional basketball, thinly disguised roles of Hulk Hogan, Ric Flair and other WCW stars will be played by black professional basketball players, namely those giants of the slam-dunk & elbow in your face variety whose rough physical aggressiveness on the hardcourts during recent NBA play-offs was characterized by many as being similar to pro wrestling.

Much like Columbia Pictures did when it starred an all black cast in THE WIZ (a classic adaptation of the all white WIZARD OF OZ), the NBA will use big, tough, black basketball players from within its ranks as well as gritty black celebrities, and others, in its own adaptation of what the WCW promo for Hogan-Flair called one of the greatest events of all time.

According to sources inside the NBA, Shaquille O'Neal, as famous for his promo and commercial-making ability as he is for his limited but powerful on-the-court ability, will play the Hulk Hogan character in the NBA spot.

Spike Lee, who was bouncing all over courtside during the NBA play-offs and trash talking with players, will take on the Jimmy Hart character.

WCW's hard-working, blond-headed Ric Flair, who calls himself the "dirtiest wrestler in the game", will, of course, be played by the black NBA star who calls himself the hardest working, dirtiest player in basketball and who is also recognized by his own shock of standout blond hair--Dennis Rodman.

Since controversial pop singer Michael Jackson, who played the "Dorothy" role in THE WIZ, isn't available for the "Sensuous" Sherri spot, the NBA has signed someone who has been hanging around black NBA players all season, has been courtside for many NBA games, and has been linked by gossipers with the NBA's Dennis "Ric Flair" Rodman. The person who will play Sherri, according to producers of the NBA's wrestling-like promo, is, of course, none other than Madonna.

Both, because I'm a bit leery about being in an arena where some people might actually try to kill other people, and also because I'd like to think I'm not someone who'd knowingly support overt racism, I don't think I'll be going out of my way to attend any SMW cards this summer (nor order any merchandise, either, like a KKK hood? With the promotion's logo embossed there upon? "Racism the way you like it, the way it was really meant to be?!" Hey, Cornette, time to take a really deep look into the mirror, man. Is stirring up something that once brought--and could bring again--so much pain, anguish, and horror to a region and its people (both black and white) worth it in the really grand scheme of things?

Guest Column: by Jacksonville's most serious wrestling fan...

Life, liberty, & the pursuit of graps (120 miles north of DisneyWorld!)

A fax from Richard Stafford, amid Northern Florida's heat, traffic, and sin (while doing 90 mph down Route 95!)

Being a hardcore fan, have you ever noticed how difficult it is to get wrestling off your mind? Or how hard it is to really get away from the sport? I've had a couple of unusual things happen to me this month that were wrestling-related. I'd like to share them with you. (Oh, if my penmanship seems rather sloppy, it's because I'm in a hospital bed waiting for Dr. Patterson and Dr. Phillips to come in and check on me. I'll explain.)

Over the July 4th weekend, I walked into a 7-11 to buy a money order and I ran into none other than "Black Jack" Mulligan who, much to my amazement, was working behind the store's cash register.

When I mentioned that I recognized him and asked him how he was doing, he got into his character, yelling at me to "Get your mommy from the Slurpee machine! Get your daddy from the beer cooler! I'll tell you how I'm doing!"

Needless to say, this scared the shit out of me, as it took me back to the days of the mid-80's during Florida Championship Wrestling and those horrible Black Jack Mulligan interviews. What I did (after he started foaming), no doubt, was rude and it probably irked him, but fearful that at any second he might start another one of his fake heart attacks, I bolted out of there like Jannetty does the WWF and, unfortunately, I was running so hard, I knocked down the night shift manager who happened to be none other than "The Continental Lover" Eddy Mansfield, who, by the way, sold the knockdown to the extreme and even bladed, just like he did on 20-20!

Not wanting to wind-up in a law suit or anything, I continued running away from that damn store. I mean, I had the distinct feeling that if I stuck around any longer, I'd have had to deal with the store's stock clerk "Nuclear Assassin" or it's manager "Odessa Slim."

I finally stopped running when I arrived at the big Jacksonville arena where I spotted Olympic figure skater Kristi Yamaguchi. She was going into the building for a skating competition, I imagined, and, just in case Eddie Mansfield or Black Jack Mulligan were following me, I figured I'd buy a ticket and catch the show. Tonya Harding notwithstanding, ice skating is nothing like pro wrestling, and I figured the arena was just the place where I could safely hide from Mansfield and Mulligan among a bunch of ice skating fans if, indeed, they were still looking for me.

As it turned out, they weren't. As it also turned out, I had just purchased a ticket--not to a skate show--but to a professional wrestling match. In my panic and haste to get away from FCW's finest, I had completely forgotten that the WCW boys were in town for a night of mat mayhem. (Little did I realize I was also in line for some more mayhem myself which got me sent to the hospital where, probably due to my run-in at the 7-11, I'm starting to worry about the two doctors named Patterson and Phillips who are supposed to be coming up to my room any minute now to check on me.)

Well, as it turned out (just before I took a few really bad bumps down a flight of the arena's concrete steps), I found myself sitting behind Kristi Yamaguchi who, apparently, isn't the only figure skater who loves wrestling. And, whereas I'd like to say that it was an honor to sit behind Yamaguchi and eventually meet this Asian-blooded beauty, actually it wasn't an honor. It was very painful.

There I was, sitting behind her during intermission when I dropped my copy of *Pro Wrestling Sushi*. It fell through the space between my feet and the back of her chair and it slid beneath her seat. Tapping her on the shoulder, I leaned forward and pointed down between her legs, indicating that my newsletter was under her chair, and I asked her if she could "give me my *Sushi*."

Well, apparently Yamaguchi's command of the English language isn't too hot, as she thought I said, "Give me some pushi!" Needless to say, she whipped my ass like my last name was Kerrigan or something and I fell down 57 steps where I ended up in the hospital where, unfortunately, my tale of woe doesn't end just yet.

As luck would have it, while recouping in the hospital, my roommate turned out to be none other than Too Cold Scorpio, and when he was making ready to check out, I asked him if we could "take a couple of polaroids together." He must have thought I wanted us to "take some steroids together" because he freaked out and did the Scorpio Flip on me, adding another week to my stay in the hospital.

Well, Nurse Goodbody, who's been in my room for a few minutes now, is just about ready to leave, and I've gotta go, too. At first, I thought she was either going to have her way with me or she was going to show me her wrestling holds. But no. She was just slipping off my boxer shorts, removing my sweat sox, and turning me over onto my stomach to get me ready for my physical.

As soon as she's gone, though, I'm getting the hell outta here. I know I'm probably being foolish, and that all my run-ins with wrestlers and celebrities have been one BIG coincidence, but I'm not taking any chances. For still ringing in my ears are her vivid words, "Dr. Patterson and Dr. Phillips will be here in a few minutes to give you the rectal exam and the foot check part of your physical!" Yeah, I'm not taking any chances, man. I'm outta here.

You Said It!

(Pearls of wit, wisdom & wrestling wonderment from our readers...with apologies to no one!)

Yo, Mullins! Because you are too cheap to buy a new rubber stamp, I knew you were never going to change the name of this sheet! Even when you were calling it "Son of" and "M_S_" you were still using the old rubber stamp! By the way, how do you figure you get to watch WCW's CLASH OF CHAMPIONS for free, as you stated twice on page #2 in issue #61? TBS is on cable, and, unless you're using one of those little dishes or antennas sold in the coupon section of the Sunday newspaper, you're 'paying' to watch TBS programs just like those of us here in the backward, in-bred, USWA-watching south! (P.S. I, too, like "lemonmelberlime.")--

William Burnett, Mempho, TN. . . I'm glad you didn't change the name of this sheet to "M_S_". I think calling it "Motherf---ing Sushi" would have been going a bit overboard!--Rich Stafford, Jacksonville, FL. . . No doubt about it. Art Donovan is the replacement for Bobby Heenan that Vince McMahon has been lookin for! Maybe the WWF could use this question for it's next 900-poll: "Who was worse? Art Donovan/KING OF THE RING'94? Or Superstar Billy Graham/SUMMERSLAM'88?--Rich Slovarp, Washburn, ND. . .

Your little nephew Jubie Jay Mullins should have his lips glued and his fingers frozen together so that he can't keep calling and faxing Dave Mozzerella! Dave is very busy now, putting out two extra pages a week, and we don't want him being harassed by some little nine and a half year old kid! (P.S.: When does the "Wade Bashing" start?)--Justine Hoyer, Stony Point, NY [Ed. note: Justine, have you been swallowing Paul E. Dangerously vitamins with your Sugar Frosted Mini-Wheats, or what?! If you're not careful you're going to become the "Teenage Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" of pro wrestling's underground!]. . . This weekend marks the fourth anniversary of our wild weekend in Baltimore, that great moment when so many of us hardcore grap fans from all over the USA gathered for the BASH where Sting defeated Flair for the belt. Thanks for the mammories, Sushi-dude. Do fish have mammories? By the shape of their lips, they must suck on something. Oh. I get it. Wrestling sucks, lately.--Bobby R. Yates, Randleman, NC. . .

BULLETIN: Ashamed of his pompous "Major League" image (and wanting to distract mainstream media and WWF marks from concentrating too hard on his own alleged crimes and misdemeanors) Vince McMahon framed O.J. Simpson in order to create a lower profile for his steroids trial! (Yes, I'm sick, too. But what a motive!)--Joyce E. Holt, Milan, IN. . . I liked your Sushi News Service idea about Wade Keller and Eric Bischoff trading places. I think WCW would be the better for it, but certainly not the Torch! I'd really like to see Wade run WCW for about a year and see what would happen. By the way, I was at Sheridan Community Center in Taylor once when it took Sabu SIX TRIES to break the table. I think San Jose was the first time he found a table he couldn't pin!--Jim Thompson, THE DETROIT NEWS. . . What do you mean, Randy "Spotts" isn't my real name?! In school kids only made fun of my name once, and then I'd hit 'em. Now, I'm old and can't hit anymore. So, I fork 'em! Look, here's a copy of my driver's liscense!--John Randall Spotts, Lake Worth, FL. [Ed. note: Picture on "driver's license" is that of Abdulla the Butcher!!!]

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Readers' Conundrums

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Waldenesque-styled ponderings, puzzles, and other wicked little grap apples (which raise even more questions!)

Do you think it might be fun to include Ted Turner in more wrestling angles? He could be a heel manager doing things like decolorizing Sapphire! Having Jane manage Riki Choshu in a feud with the Patriot! Buy CBS News and team Bobby Heenan with Connie Chung!--John Mohlman, Pittsburgh, PA. . . If women who hang around bars after wrestling matches hoping to go to bed with wrestlers are "Ring Rats," then what are guys who hang around bars trying to pick-up on Madusa, Missy, Elizabeth, Tammy, and Luna? "Arena Dogs?"--Richard Stafford, Jacksonville, FL. . . If President and Mrs. Clinton can invite the public to fund a kitty for the defence of their alleged wrongdoings, might not the WWF encourage marks to contribute to the Vince McMahon Jr. fund for the preservation of "Wrestling As You Have Come to Like It!"--Richard Siegel, M.D., Bethpage, NY. . . If Missy Hyatt wins her case against WCW because she was subjected to public embarrassment and other things, do you think Lord Alfred Hayes could have a case against McMahon?--Rich Slovarp, Washburn, ND. . . Talk about having a "case" against someone: "Am I the only one who gets *hard feelings* when I see that prick-teasing "Wanna Bond?" girl during the TBS shows?--Joe Margosian, Racine, WI. [You are not alone, Joe. You're not alone]

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Ribs, Juice, Squash & Potatoes

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A buffet of 'shoot' wrestling commentary, thoughts, opinions, info, questions and observations from the underground

Back in May '92, in the *Observer*, Billy Jack Haynes said that an executive with a major sports entertainment organization stuck a finger up his ass and that he, Billy, told him never to touch him "again!" Excuuuuuse, meeeeeeee. Let's get this straight. A man the size of Billy Jack Haynes let's a guy slip a digit up his butt and all Haynes does is verbally assault the guy?!--Rich Stafford, Jacksonville, FL [Ed. note: Who really knows about these things? Maybe Billy was in Philly and Doc Zahorian III was checking out Billy's prostate during the pre-match physical and caught Billy off-guard. Maybe it was Zahorian's way of testing to see if a wrestler needed anabolics for those "medical reasons" nobody on the jury believed him about during his trial. Maybe the Doc wanted Billy to bend down a

little so that he could check his tonsils, and when he said, "Open your mouth, Billy, and spread your cheeks," neither one was paying attention and when Billy turned around, well...]

It continues to be interesting to watch WCW challenge the WWF for the title of wrestling's top U.S. promotion. Why isn't Terry Taylor utilized more in WCW? The guy is a tremendous wrestler and talks a good rap. Brian Pillman should be in a hot feud with Steve Austin instead of being WCW's invisible man. How many hardcores would love to watch a Hulk Hogan vs. Big Van Vader shoot match? Lord Steven Regal's snot-nosed facial expressions are hilarious.--Joe Zamora, Greenfield, CA. [Ed. note: Anyone who remembers Terry Taylor's great feud with Gentleman Chris Adams in the old Bill Watt's-run UWF shares your puzzlement. The real questions about a Hogan-Vader shoot match, were one ever to take place, is how long it would last and how much blood would be spilled by the Hulkster?]. . . In regards to Chuck Austin's \$25 million injury case against the WWF, I was shocked that Titan didn't blame Marty Jannetty and claim he was coked-out when he did the damage. But more than anything, I guess, that would expose the WWF's drug-testing for what it really is.--Rich Slovarp, Washburn, ND.

I disagree with your praise for the Piper-Lawler match at KING OF THE RING. I was there live and the the only heat it drew from me and others in my section was our desire to see Lawler really slap that pseudo-Piper kid around, which required "suspension of disbelief" at its finest, I guess, since you know the kid wasn't really going to take a bump. One last word about Hulk Hogan and Todd Pettengill's favorite governor who, via his media comments, is known in these parts as a longtime Titan & Hogan mark. I recall articles a few years back when WCW was outdrawing WWF by large margins in this area. Just another example of an elected official being out of touch with his constituency.--Greg Petrosino, Bel Air, MD. . .

I'm AMAZED you liked KING OF THE RING. I thought it was a DISASTER! And I'm a total WWF fan!--Jim Thompson, THE DETROIT NEWS. [Ed. note: To quote that great, black, tough, fictional character "Hawk" in the Robert B. Parker novels featuring Boston private eye Spenser, "There be times when a man gots to lower his epectations, least he finds himself disappointed." Going into KOTR we all knew it was going to suck worse than hyper-space. Whenever you see one of those babies coming, best thing to do is take Hawk's advice and try to find a few little things about it that might endure. It's like an airplane crash upon landing where all the passengers and crew are killed in a fiery explosion. Yes, the trip turns out to be a "total disaster," but there were some good moments, like views of the snow-capped Rockies, the endless green vistas of corn fields in Iowa, the wide and muddy Mississippi River flowing over the horizon (or over it's banks), evening's salmon-glow spreading warm and cozy like a french kiss across the horse pastures and tobacco fields in the south, a big fat full moon hanging like a stalled suplex above a dark Atlantic Ocean, and that sweet brief glimpse of rounded stewardess thigh when she bends over in the aisle just before the captain comes on to announce his hopes that everyone has their last will and testament made out and up-to-date! Remember, during the Piper-Lawler match when Piper was covering the look-a-like kid with his own body, acting like a shield, protecting the kid from Lawler's kicks? That was a powerfully dramatic moment, one heavy with no small amount of symbolism: a father protecting his son amidst a sudden onslaught of violence, the older generation guarding its prodegy thus ensuring continuation of the species, a White Angel shielding a very sick child from the Angel of Death like the one who travels throughout the halls and visits the rooms in that children's hospital in Toronto. (I was wondering how Piper was going to preserve or enhance his image, and not leave a bad taste in my mouth over the slimey angle he found himself in.) By "sacrificing" himself and covering the geeky "kid," Piper was not unlike the father LION KING in the Disney tear-jerker who sacrificed himself to save the cub from the stampeding water-bufflo. I know, I know. Pro rasslin' has no place for morbidund schmaltz like this. Go ahead, toss me to the--awk!--hyenas!

Letters to the Editor Letters to the Editor Letters to the Editor

Nonsense vs. squabbles

Usually Sushi's "nonsense" is a nice change of pace from the seriousness of reality and the serious fantasy that is pro wrestling. Your recent "SNS" Undertaker-Nixon Body Switch, Explosion of Ricky Steamboat's Lips, and the Piece-by-Piece Destruction of Cactus Jack were superb. For me, squabbles among insiders are the weakest points in any newsletter.

Joyce E. Holt, Milan, IN

Seasonal Affective Disorder?

I'm enjoying the "kinder, gentler" Jeff much more than whatever it was we were being

subected to last winter.

Name withheld by request

War & peace

I'm very glad to see you offered the olive branch to Meltzer and that you and he are talking again about wrestling, not writer vs. writer or editor vs. editor feuds. Glad to see Sushi back on a regular basis!

Jim "M.L. Curly" Thompson, The Detroit News

Oakland man's assessment of Sushi editor

You seem to be one of the few sheet editors who can take criticism and listen to it. That's tuff no matter who or what you are. The issue with the explanation about what went on between you and Meltzer showed great personal understanding on your part.

Bill Levine, Oakland, CA

New York man reveals subscription scam!

I find it interesting the way you've now set up subscriptions in the event you print an issue or two with less pages than usual, ie., 10 pages cost \$1.50, 8 pages for \$1.25, 6 for \$1, and so on. Well, I decided to look at the "so on" part, and discovered that if you continue with the pattern you established, 4 pages would cost 75 cents, 2 pages would be 50 cents, and 0 pages would cost 25 cents!!! That last one doesn't sound like a very good deal to me! If and when you decide to publish any of those 0 page issues, please don't send any to me!

William Rushton, Seaford, NY

Canadian reader sees 'conspiracy' against hardcores!

I'm glad to see that you spoke to Dave Meltzer and patched things up. Feuds can sometimes be fun, especially worked feuds but for real, serious feuds are usually painful for at least some of the participants. Hey, maybe it's some sort of conspiracy, what's been happening to you and other hardcores! Meltzer had his appendix and arm problems; you had your collar bone broken; Terrence Machalek in Winnipeg apparently wrecked both his shoulders in an accident of some sort. Retribution from Vince McMahon? By the way, I enjoyed the last two issues, especially the column by Steve Yohe.

Rodney Leighton, Pugwash, Nova Scotia

New Jersey man wants 'chili farts of wisdom' ripped!

Now that you've become kinder and gentler towards the guru, it's obvious that you're trying to emulate him in every way, since you had about 30 typos in the "olive branch" issue. What is it with you sheet guys from the Bay Area, anyway? I agree, you did get carried away with the Meltzer situation and I was very proud to see you admit it. But a kinder and gentler Sushi? Hey, in my book, you are still the sarcasm police of the graps underground. And you still must rip those proverbial chili farts of wisdom--Meltzer, Keller, or even myself--whenever we are the late night at Taco Bell. I demand that of you! Rattling the cage can be great fun, but in truth, you didn't need all that shit anyway and now you can just do what you do so well, bust balls!

Dave Scherer, Marmora, NJ

[Ed. note: Dave writes the always savvy, often sassy, and informative "Foreign Affairs" column in Barry Rose's noggin' bustin' Chairshots.]

New Hampshire wrestling fan announces the unusual birth of his son

Good news! Another wrestling fan was born on Sunday, 4/10. Fighting out of the blue corner, Michael Charles was stylin' and profilin' as he chopped the doc, screamed, "To be the baby you gotta beat the baby!" Went "Whooooo!" And then pee'd on everyone in sight!

Ted Field, Nashua, NH

Whoosh, where does the space go?! I didn't even get a chance to comment further about the controversial Sabu-Candido "broken ladder" match that topped Ron Hed's wild indy show in San Jose, a match and overall card that had more action and creative booking, angles, and gimmicks going for it than any of the last dozen WWF shows I've attended live, including this one scary biker-looking J.R. Benson manager-dude who Sabu opened up with a potatoed chairshot worse than anything I've ever seen Cactus Jack take! I know most of you Sushilanders rarely buy tapes, but if you want to see one really fun, local, different, indy show (and if you want to know what I'm talking about next ish) make the tape of FATHERS' DAY BASH your lone purchase for the year by sending \$15 to Ron Hed, P.O. Box 730502, San Jose, CA 95173-0502. You won't be disappointed. Thanks everyone, for all the notes and kind thoughts regarding my collarbone, and for continuing to support and write your funny comments to this sheet. See you after the SLAM! If not sooner... Jeff Mullins